

# PAGES TORN FROM THE BOOK OF MEMORY.

**S. K. Dendy, Sr., Writes of His Recollections of the Ramsay Creek Folks of Long Ago--The Old Stage Route Through Oconee--The Dicksons and Steeles and Other Families Prominent in Early History of this Section--Making Roads Then and Now--A Glimpse Into the Past.**

Editor Keowee Courier:

Please allow me space enough to pen a few of my boyhood recollections of the old Ramsay's Creek section, so eloquently written up by the "Sage of Ramsay's Creek," my respected friend, W. I. Dickson. His fine, historic letter teems with truths so nicely written that I hope all the readers of the Courier enjoyed it as much as I did. I knew intimately many of the old Dicksons of whom he speaks. I may be able to add a few historic facts in connection with that good old family.

I knew Andrew Dickson, who lived a few miles north of Walhalla. His two sons, Jim and Joe, with Bill and Tom Smith and I, had many a fine fox race on old Stumphouse Mountain and adjacent hills. I have not heard a word from the Dickson boys in years.

I also knew well David Dickson, who lived and died at the old home place, with his kind, loving wife, who was a daughter of the late "Squire Edward Hughes—her name was Francis Hughes (a noble, Christian woman); and I knew Uncle Simp., John S. and William Dickson well, all my life.

Capt. William Dickson lived for many years on his nice farm very near Bounty Land school house. His son, John Milton Dickson, and sisters, Margaret and Francis, were my school mates for years at Bounty Land. His son John was a member of Company F, Orr's Rifles (a brave, faithful soldier), and he was, as we thought, mortally wounded at the great battle of Fredericksburg, Va., on the 13th of December, 1862. He was shot entirely through both hips by a large minnie ball. He was sent to the Richmond, Va., hospital, and finally recovered, went home, and lived and died at his old home place. His cousin, Capt. Marshall Dickson, was killed in battle in Virginia. He commanded Company F, Orr's Rifles, at one time. He was a gallant, brave soldier. Capt. William Dickson, John M. Gillison and Uncle Rhodum Doyle were valued trustees of old Bounty Land school for many years prior and up to 1850.

My boyhood associations with the late Capt. William Steele's family were very intimate, most pleasant and most memorable. That Steele family, true and tried, were very distinguished in many respects. That grand old Colonial home suited this large, fine family. As I remember, I think there were eight or nine girls and five boys. I may not be correct in the number of children, as it has been so long ago. Many fine Christmas parties I, with other friends, greatly enjoyed at this hospitable old Steele home. Many young folks would be gathered there, and all would be made most welcome by the father, mother and the entire family. They had, in the good old days of long ago, a most bountiful supply of all kinds of provender for man and beast. My! what elegant suppers would be served to all the young boys and blushing maids, and all kinds of social festivities—song and dancing all night long. Many happy marriages had their true love foundations laid in and around this grand old home—"sweet home."

After enjoying a bountiful supper I, with other young men, would select a lovely, sweet girl and meander back to the good old family parlor. She and I would sit down and very affectionately talk over our ham-bone, turkey bone meditations and love anticipations. I say, kind reader, if you have not realized these lov-

## CALOMEL DYNAMITE A SLUGGISH LIVER.

Crashes Into Sour Bile, Making You Sick, and You Lose a Day's Work.

Calomel salivates! It's mercury. Calomel acts like dynamite on sluggish liver. When calomel comes into contact with sour bile it crashes into it, causing cramping and nausea.

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic for a few cents, which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful, and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel, and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money.

If you take calomel to-day you'll be sick and nauseated to-morrow; besides, it may salivate you, while if you take Dodson's Liver Tonic you will wake up feeling great, full of ambition and ready for work or play. It's harmless, pleasant and safe to give to children; they like it—adv.

ing "ham-bone-turkey-bone meditations," you have sure missed a lot of pleasure. All those fine young men and lovely girls were perhaps the last of the old South's production. The rays of a noontday sun never shone on a better or truer set of young folks than were these. These fine, handsome girls were all home-made—raised on home-made corn, on home-raised wheat and meat, turkey and chickens; lots of fine honey and plenty of good old lye hominy (best of all). This day and time you hear our fine young girls and boys say, "Gwine to have a party to-night," and they will serve—yes, very—light refreshments. You can barely taste the light refreshments that they hand you in a paper dish. I do not mean to cast any reflection upon the present-day styles and customs—you can't help it—the war prices have knocked the very spots out of all we eat and wear—so very different from the refreshments so lavishly served in the fifties and sixties. Ours were very heavy refreshments.

As to the five Steele boys: All of them have long since passed over. I knew them all well and most favorably—Joseph G., James Osceola, Dr. Wm. Robert, and John Steel. These four brothers, in the fall of 1857, went "over the top" of Pike's Peak, Montana, and only one ever returned to his native State. Capt. Joseph G. Steele came back to South Carolina some time in the seventies and married my niece, Mattie Alexander. They returned to Montana; none of them ever came back. The Steele boys were among the first pioneers of Pike's Peak and Deer Lodge, Montana. All made fine, useful citizens. James Osceola was named for the old Seminole chief, DeSoto, who was a pioneer in Florida. John Steel, Andrew C. Steele's son, was a son of Gen. Zachary Taylor. The old chief was sent in front of the on Sullivan's Island, where the old brave grieved himself to death. His remains are buried in old Fort Moultrie. His tomb I have often seen when a Confederate soldier on Sullivan's Island. These five fine, handsome Steele boys were the torch-bearers, the videt pioneers of the rugged, wild mountains of their adopted State. All of them made good, and were worthy, prosperous citizens. John R. Steele, the youngest son, and brother of the other boys, moved to the State of Mississippi, and lived and died there. I knew very little of him after he left South Carolina.

The Ramsay's Creek and adjacent rocky hills of Chauga were great resorts for deer, both red and gray fox. Many splendid old hunters, as well as the younger set, greatly enjoyed the exciting pursuit of deer, fox and the noble wild turkey. I will name a few of those old-time sportsmen, with whom I had many pleasant, memorable races in pursuit of the handsome, antlered buck and the wily, cunning fox. It is now to me, in my declining days, very sad to recall the names of these splendid, true friends and noble old sportsmen. Most all of them have long ago passed away and crossed over the river of death. Among those whom I will name were Joseph G. Steele, William H. Dendy (my brother), Jeff Gilbert, Baylis Poole, Ephraim Cobb, Col. W. S. Grisham, Judge Richard Lewis, Fielding Lewis, Capt. R. C. Strother, Robert M. Hubbard, Sloan Y. Stribling, William D. James, J. W. Stribling, A. W. Thompson, John W. F. Thompson, Gen. Wade Hampton. The last of the younger set that I remember, who also went over the top of these historic hills in the exciting chases, were John R. Steels, Bob and Steele Norris, John Reader, Jim Miller, J. E. and M. T. Hughes, J. J. Ballanger, and perhaps others I cannot now recall. All these old and younger hunters, including the writer, greatly enjoyed nature in all her beauty and grandeur—forest, field and stream. The two Norris boys, Bob and Steele, were nephews of the Steele boys. They also later went to Montana, and lived with their uncles and made good, respected citizens. Both died in their Western home.

While my brother, William, taught school in the old Double Cabins, during the years of 1851 and 1852, he used no other speller than the long-discarded old "Blue-Back" Webster's Speller—a faithful old friend to the children of that day and generation. There was, in the forties and fifties, a famous old race track very near the old Double Cabins. I have heard William and the older Steele boys tell of the exciting horse races pulled off on this old race track during the Christmas holidays and on the fourth of July. These old-time scenes and places of pleasure have long since passed away and are only remembered now as relics of the dear old South. My brother boarded with the historic, hospitable Presbyterian Steele family. I am not sure if any but one of this family are now living. If so, it is Mrs. Margaret Steele Hughes, of Pickens county, South Carolina. I wish I knew more fully, but cannot recall any others.

There are many other old, historic homes in this same vicinity, some of which I could mention, namely: Capt. George W. Phillips, his kind and loving wife, Aunt Anna Phillips, who was everybody's friend, and everybody was her friend. The same band of lovely girls and boys of whom I have spoken were always most welcome and highly entertained at this good old ante-bellum home. Five children composed this fine old family—three girls, Martha, Mary and Francis, and two boys, John M. Phillips and James Phillips. All are dead, I think, except John M. and his sister, Mrs. Martha Phillips Lowery. John M. Phillips, who was a member of Company C, Orr's Rifles, was the last captain of Company C till the end of the late war of 1861-1865, and was a brave and gallant soldier of the old South. He was Clerk of Court of Franklin county, Georgia, for many years. As I am limited in space, will only say that the sons of the old, historic Confederate soldiers were and are very conspicuous for great courage and recorded deeds of bravery in the last great world war in France. We know what they would do if given a chance. They sure did go "over the top" wherever they made an attack. Yes, many of them to-day are among the Allied heroes of "No Man's Land," the Hindenburg line, in Flanders' Field, sleeping their last sleep until the resurrection morn. I wish to insert a few verses, written by that great Southern poet, Edgar A. Guest, of Fort Worth, Texas. These verses are appropriate, so pathetic, that I take pleasure in having them published in the old Keowee Courier with your permission.

At the Peace Table,  
who shall be at the peace table,  
when the terms of peace are made?  
The wisest men of the troubled lands  
in their silver and gold brocade;  
Yes, they shall gather in solemn state  
to speak for each living race;  
But who shall speak for the unseen  
dead that shall come to the council place?

"Though you see them not, and you  
hear them not, they shall sit at  
the table, too;  
They shall throng the room where  
the peace is made, and know what  
it is you do;  
The innocent from the sea shall rise  
to stand at the wise man's side,  
And over his shoulder a boy shall  
look—a boy that they crucified.

"You may guard the doors of that  
council hall with barriers strong  
and stout,  
But the dead, unbidden, shall be  
there, and never you'll shut them  
out;  
And the man that died in the open  
boat, and the babies that suffered  
worse,  
Shall sit at the table when peace is  
made, by the side of the martyred  
nurse.

"You may see them not, but they'll  
all be there; when they speak you  
may fail to hear;  
You may think you're making your  
pacts alone, but their spirits will  
hover near;  
And whatever the terms of the peace  
you make with tyrant whose hands  
are red,  
You must please not omit the living  
here, but must satisfy your dead."

## Good Roads, Past and Present.

Just a few more lines as to good roads and the great public highways. So much is being said, so much is being written, that I wish to give you a few more lines on my boyhood recollections of one of the old-time public highways. You, kind reader, are aware that Old Pickens District was first placed on the map of South Carolina in the year 1828. This famous, grand old public road, of which I wish to write, was perhaps being graded some time during the earliest days of 1800, as so many of those old, public-spirited patriots, like my father, were born during the years of the 1700 period.

This memorable old highway that I write of was first surveyed from Greenville to Old Pickens County House. I know not when, as I had not then seen the light of day. This famous old road ran from Pickens County House, crossing Little River, to Cane creek, to Bounty Land, to

Richland, to Coneross, to Colonel's Fork, to Ramsay's Creek, to the old, historic Horseshoe Bend on Chauga, to Jarrett's Bridge, on to the Georgia line. Kind reader, I am glad I was born on the side of the road, where people were passing. All of these old-time highways were built some time during the years of 1820-30-40-50 and 60. How were they built? I rise to ask and answer the question. By the love of Mike and my son Jakey, I will tell you: They were built by our public-spirited and patriotic old ancestors; the bridges were paid for by the old district, out of the small taxes collected in the early days. No road commissioner, so far as I can recollect, ever got pay for his services. All men and boys from sixteen to fifty and sixty years old had to work on the public roads—the rich man, the poor man, white man, black man, peddler and tinker—all had to give of their time, tools and labor, free of charge. They all worked, freely and honestly. We sure had as good roads then as in this day of much-talked-of good roads and highways. We were all proud of this grand old highway and for years kept it up, free of charge. This old road was used in the days of the old stage coach—the only public highway service was by the old-time stage. I well remember, when only six years old, in the late forties and fifties, with my next older brother, how we would run our best to see this famous old stage coach pass by old Richland cross roads, with four fine, large, well-groomed horses, in full trot. This famous old coach was generally occupied by six or eight passengers, with a lot of large trunks in the back part, well tied on with stout leather straps. This famous old coach was driven by that famous old-time, big-rigged, first-fighter, Pierce Cody. He was a large, stout, dark-skinned man, over six feet tall, and weighing full 250 pounds. He was a Welshman, not an American. Pierce Cody, the stage driver, used as a signal, to warn the people that he was coming, a large, old-style bugle, at least seven or eight feet long. He could sure make the memorable old hills ring with that clear sound of his old bugle. He sure could play that old-time instrument. The old stage made weekly trips and afforded the only mode of transportation in the old days of long ago. There was not a railroad then in the old district. It was the old stage coach, wagon, horse, bugle, or foot.

Many persons, many young men on their way south, southwest, to the great West, to the far-distant Rocky Mountains, went by the old stage route. Many young men in 1849 went by this stage route as far as they could to the gold fields of California. None of them, from our section, ever returned to their native State.

In the good old days our tax collector, Col. John W. Cary, gathered the gold, silver and old State Bank bills. He was honest, upright and strictly honorable. This young writer in his boyhood recollection, recalls with much pleasure the many fine social parties enjoyed at the hospitable old Cary home. There are now only three sons of this famous old family living—Hon. James P. Cary, N. B. Cary and Hon. Frank M. Cary. The two former are well versed attorneys at law. Frank M. Cary, the younger, is an up-to-date cotton factor and cotton buyer. Their late brother, John C. Cary, was the builder and manager of those splendid, large cotton mills, the Lockhart Mills, in Union county. He was a broad-gauge, all-round good business man. He has passed away, with other members of his noble, historic old family.

There is one more old, historic family who lived for many years on the side of this noble old highway road, in the great Horseshoe Bend—"Squire Edward Hughes, who as a limb of the law dispensed justice, equity and simplicity to all who came into his court. He raised a fine family of young men and young women—as I remember, three sons and three daughters. The three sons all were Confederate soldiers—Henry R. Hughes, Jefferson and William, Henry, the oldest, was the true embodiment of high courage, was brave and fearless to the highest degree. He was mortally wounded at the great battle of Gaines's Mill, on the Chickahominy creek, in Virginia, in June, 1862. He died and was buried near Richmond, Va. He gave his useful life in defense of truth, justice, his State and the Confederate Constitution. What more can a man do than give his life in defense of his home and country? He married my oldest sister, Elizabeth Dendy Hughes. They are both dead, but have left a family of highly respected children, well worthy of public trust. The other brothers both died of disease while in the service of the South's great cause. The sisters of this famous old family are all dead, but have left some noble children to mourn them.

(Continued on Page Three.)

**"MY little girl is subject to sudden attacks of stomach and bowel trouble and Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin always relieves her quickly so she is soon playing about as usual. I have used Syrup Pepsin for three years and would not be without it now at any price."**

(From a letter to Dr. Caldwell written by Mrs. Jas. F. Smith, 600 Virginia Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.)

## Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin The Perfect Laxative

Sold by Druggists Everywhere  
50 cts. (Two Sizes) \$1.00

Constipation is a condition to be guarded against from infancy to old age. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is as safe and pleasant for children as it is effective on even the strongest constitution. A trial bottle can be obtained free of charge by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 458 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

## THE HICKSON ESPIONAGE CASE.

Aged Gaffney Preacher Must Pay the Penalty for Disloyal Words.

(Anderson Mail, May 28.)

In passing final judgment in the case of Rev. F. C. Hickson, an aged Baptist minister of Gaffney, Cherokee county, who stood convicted of gross violation of the espionage act, Judge Woods, presiding over the United States District Court to-day, took occasion to administer a stern rebuke to Mr. Hickson and to all disloyal persons in the nation.

Hickson was convicted of violating the espionage act at a previous term of the District Court, and the case was appealed to the Circuit Court. That court found that the judgment of the court below was sound, but the punishment erroneous. The old minister had been sentenced to serve six months in the penitentiary, and the court above referred the case back for a correction on the ground that the sentence should have been to the jail.

In referring the case back the Circuit Court left no penny part of it to the discretion of the court below, and Judge Woods said he found that the health of Hickson is such that a long confinement in jail would jeopardize his chances of life, and for that reason alone he would make the penalty a fine of \$500 or six months in the county jail.

"I am not inclined to extend a lenient punishment in this case," said the court to the aged minister. "Your intelligence should have prevented you from uttering disloyal remarks or sentences. The offense was a most grievous one, and coming as it did when the United States was at war with a formidable foe, is deserving of the strongest rebuke that can be given by the nation. No one has any right to utter disloyal opinions, even though such opinions are held by himself, in the United States when the nation is at war. The nation has a right to make every other individual right of the citizen subservient to loyalty at such a time."

The court said that it appeared evident that Hickson had acted as he had because of pompous self-importance and eccentricity, and he added that all such were not at all entitled to pity from court or jury or people, or the government. It was stated to the court that friends of Hickson would pay the fine, as the minister, it was stated, had no funds with which to do so. The specific charge against Hickson was the making of disloyal utterances about the United States government, contained in a letter he wrote and sent to the Baptist Courier.

## LEMON JUICE

## FOR FRECKLES

Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents—Try It!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, and see how freckles and blemishes disappear, and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates.—adv.

## AS TO OLD SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

Extension of Time in Which Claims for Pensions May Be Filed.

Columbia, May 28.—D. W. McLaughlin, State Pension Commissioner, has extended until June 15 the time in which applications may be made by Confederate veterans for a share in the distribution of the extra \$100,000 appropriated by the last session of the General Assembly. This money is to be apportioned among those who have heretofore not received State help, as the names of all Confederate veterans were placed upon the pension rolls this year by law. Veterans who have heretofore received aid have already received the customary pensions, this amount having been paid out by the Comptroller General in April.

**The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head**  
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE RHO-MO-QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, Inc.

Demonstrating in Pickens.

(Pickens Sentinel, May 28.)  
W. M. Brown, of Walhalla, was in Pickens Monday demonstrating the Fordson tractor for the town authorities.



## Eye Sufferers Who Need Glasses!

Railroad fare paid one way to our Oconee County Patients Who Purchase Glasses. Eyes examined by specialists and glasses made while you wait. Kodak Films Developed by Experts.

**Odom-Schade Optical Co.,**  
A. A. Odom, A. H. Schade, President, Sec'y & Treas.  
Consulting Optometrists,  
Masonic Temple, Greenville, S. C.

## WINTHROP COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP AND ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

The Examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College, and for the admission of new students, will be held at the County Court House, on FRIDAY, JULY 4th, and on SATURDAY, JULY 5th, at 9 A. M., for those who wish to make up by examinations additional units required for full admission to the Freshman Class of this institution. The examination on SATURDAY, JULY 5th, will be used only for making admission units. The scholarships will be awarded upon the examination held on FRIDAY, JULY 4th. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When scholarships are vacant after July 4th, they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for scholarships should write to President Johnson for scholarship examination blanks. These blanks, properly filled out by the applicant, should be filed with President Johnson by July 1st.

Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 17, 1919. For further information and catalogue, address—

President D. B. Johnson,  
Rock Hill, S. C.  
May 14, 1919. 2025\*